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A D R E A M E R ' S A P O L O G Y .

ASK Eugenio why his mood
Wrote no poems in the wood;
Why he watched the falling stream
Yet recorded not his dream;
In a maze did walk or stand
With no pencil in his hand;
Let the summer days go by,
But stole no tint of tree or sky;
Made no sketches, built no rhymes
Out of all his golden times;
Nothing done, but all things dreamed,
Idle as the flowers he seemed;
Brought us never home a word
Of river, mountain, leaf or bird;
He would answer, could he speak,
Half aloud, with stammer weak—
Into my very soul dear Nature sank—
Draughts of luxuriant-beauty I have drank.
How could I paint the large sweet summer time,
How could I coin such wealth in jingling rhyme?
The tranquil sunny days, the moony nights
Lay in my soul, a mine of calm delights.
I could not shut the Genii in my box,*
Nor cramp wild Nature beneath paper locks;
The forms of Beauty towered aloft in pride,
And all my feeble hand would try, defied.
But now within the city walls I keep
The subtler dreams of that fine waking sleep.
They like an atmosphere around me weave
Such lights ideal, that I hardly grieve
That I no record kept of what I saw.
Within my spirit by an inner law,
Beautiful forms and hues have passed away,
Sowing the seeds of many a future lay;
Painting rare landscapes of soft mellow tone,
Hard earth and sky made dreamlike, all my own.
So fell my summer blossoms one by one,
Their bloom, their beauty, and their fragrance gone.
But not in vain, I trust. I see even now
The winter fruits that ripen on the bough.

C. P. CRANOH.

T H E W A T E R-R O S E .

(FROM GEIBEL.)

THE water-rose so peaceful
Rises from the lake;
Its trembling petals glisten
As white as snowy flake.
The moon pours down from heaven
Its quiet, golden beam,
And all its tender glances
Within its chalice stream.
A snow-white swan in circles
Around and round it goes,
He sings so sweet and gently
And gazes on the rose.
He sings so sweet and gently,
For he singeth thus not long.
Oh flower! oh snow-white flower!
Dost understand that song?

* Quere—does he mean his painting-box?

T H E S E A R C H .

I.

I SOUGHT through earth, but Thee I did not find,
My eyes seemed open, but to Thee were blind.
I sought Thee on the mountain and the plain,
I saw Thy work, but looked for Thee in vain.

II.

Thy messengers I saw, Thy prophets heard,
As by Thy voice itself my soul was stirred.
In the soft sunlight, in the lightning's glare,
I thought to find Thee, but Thou wast not there.

III.

I sought Thee in the city's thick-drawn breath,
In life's full show, and in the hush of death.
I knew Thy presence, somewhere Thou must be,
But all in vain, Thyself I could not see.

IV.

I sought Thee in my heart; Thou wast not there,
Too dark it was with sin and worldly care.
With tears I strove to cleanse away the stain,
And felt at length my search indeed was vain.

V.

But, while I wept, my darkened eyes grew clear,
I raised them up, and Thou, O Lord, stood near.
And then I knew,—those see Thee as Thou art
Who through repentance become pure of heart.

N.

T H E O R P H A N .

(FREE, AFTER BECK, IN HIS "WANDERING POET".)

A CHILD of love is the poet's song,
An orphan babe, alas!
It finds the world a heartless throng,
Which pitiless doth pass.

But music comes with tender care,
And yields a mother's part;
She wraps it warm and sings an air
To cheer its little heart.

She takes it home and teaches it
To imitate her way,
And on her lap it likes to sit
And sing its little lay.

At last the mother growing proud
To hear it sing so sweet,
Goes with it forth among the crowd
Of people in the street.

A pretty child they all avow,
But when they hear it sing,
Their hearts so cold and dull till now,
Would bless the little thing.

One takes it up and gives a kiss,
Another pats its brow,
The end of all is simply this,
That each would own it now.